(which would haue made Dom Hercules horne mad,
and bid him in his hide) suffer this sicely
ere she hadle warm'd my sheetes, ere grappell'd with me,
this pinck, this painted foyst, this cockle boate
to hang her sights out, and defie me friends,
a well knowne man of warre? if this be equall,
and I may suffer, say, &: I haue done.

Petro. I doe not thinke you may.

Tra. Youle make it worse Sir.

Sopho. Pray heare me good Petrachio, but euen now
you were contented to giue all conditions
to try how far she would carry, 'tis a folly
(and you will find it so) to clap the curb on
ere, ye be sure, it proues a naturall wildnes
and not a fore'd, giue her conditions,
for on my life, this trick is put into her.

Petro. I should beleeue so to,

Sop. & not her owne,

Tra. Youle find it soe.

Sop. Then if she founder with you
clap spurres on; and in this youle deale with temperance,
auoid the hurrie of the world. — *Musique aboue.*

Franc & loose

Mor. No honor a my life Sir.

Petru. I will doe it.

Petro. It seemes they are very merie. — *Enter Jaques.*

Petru. Why long hold it.

Moro. Now Jaques

Jaq. They are' ith flaunt Sir.

Sopho. Yes we heare em.

Jaq. They haue gott a stick of fidles: and they firke it

in

in wondrous wayes, the two grand Capitanoes
(that brought the auxiliary regiments)
dance with their coates tuckt vp to their bare breech's,
and bid the Kingdome kisse 'em; that's the burden,
they haue got Metheglin and audacious ale
and talke like Tyrants —

Song

Petro. How knowest thou?

Jaq. I peep't in at a loose lanskett.

Tra. Harke.

Petro. A song, pray you silence. —

Enter aboue Maria Bianca, a Citty wife, a Country wife, and 3 Women.

Moro. They looke out

Petru. Good eu'n Ladys.

Mari. good you good eu'n, Sir.

Petru. How haue you slept to night?

Mari. Exceeding well Sir.

Petru. (Did you not wish me with you?

Mari. No beleeue me I neuer thought vpon you.

Country. Is that he?

Bian. Yes.

Country. Sir.

Soph. She has drunck hard, marke her hood.

Country. you are.

Sophio. Learned drunck, I'le hang els, lett her vtter,

Country. And I must tell you viua voce freind,
a very foolish fellow.

Fran. There's an ale figure.

Petru. I thanke you Susan Brotes

Citty. forward Sister

Country You haue espoused here a hearty woman, comly and courageous.

Petru. Well I haue so.

Country & to the comfort of distressi'd damzells

Women